



The PIONEER

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(Photo courtesy Charles F. Stillman family)

CHARLIE STILLMAN BRIDGE-PARLEY'S CANYON

(Erected in 1938 - replaced by present freeway. Eastward view of the proposed building site, National Society, Sons of Utah Pioneers.)



President Ken Wiseman

Greetings From Your Servant The President



The holidays are now behind us and it is time to settle down and accomplish something. Accomplish what, you say? Your goals and mine. I am sure that each individual has set some kind of long range and also short range goals. Each chapter with its new president has, or should have set, some goals for the year 1980.

One goal that I would like each chapter to achieve is to have at least 30% attendance at the 1980 Encampment at Moab, Utah. Another more immediate goal as set by your National President is to have each chapter say the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag at each dinner meeting. If you do not have access to a flag please get one for your own use.

Another suggestion is that each chapter set a goal of sponsoring one new chapter prior to the encampment next September.

I would like to say thanks to a man who has done such an excellent job with the PIONEER. Marvin Smith has asked to be released as the Pioneer Editor because of his church assignments. We all join together in thanking him for a job well done. We now take this opportunity to welcome Kay Kirkham as the new editor. He has done this work before and therefore needs no breaking in.

A welcome also to Wilson Seely who is now acting as our National Treasurer. He is most willing and helpful in this assignment.

We are approaching the conclusion of the long, long drawn out efforts

of the New Home Committee. After six different and very disappointing prospective building sites have gone down the tube one by one, we are about to announce the finalizing of the seventh site. Through all the many disappointments we now have the very finest location of all. I am sure the Lord has had a hand in all that has transpired.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank all the members of the New Home Committee: Adolph Johnson as chairman, John J. Nielsen, Phil Robbins, Wes Reese (while he was president) and Dr. Orson Wright before he left on his mission call.

With support from each of you we are looking for a great 1980. Again, thanks.

An Autobiography

Ben Trent Vice President Illinois Area



Ben and Trunella Trent, Bloomington, Illinois.

I have a bachelors degree in dairy technology from the University of Illinois and spent most of my years as the operating and maintenance engineer of a dairy company in Rockford, Illinois (18 years), until I came close to a permanent fixture of their pension plan, and then was let go. The last ten years of my working life was spent managing and operating a fertilizer plant in this area. I have been retired for five years.

My hobbies are lapidary, photography, ceramics and landscape painting. When I can't get out of it, I do electrical wiring for friends and Church members.

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From _____

While the holiday season is now past there is no one season where the giving of a gift would not be appreciated. May we recommend a gift subscription and membership to the National Society, Sons of Utah Pioneers? As an organization we are committed and dedicated to the preservation of all that speaks of pioneer history in the intermountain

west. This your heritage and the reading of the PIONEER is a fitting gift at any time the year.

For the nominal sum of \$5. a friend, relative, son or daughter, will receive a full one year's subscription (six issues); for \$10. your gift subscriber will receive the PIONEER and one year's membership.

MEMBERSHIP REPORT IS STIMULATING

From our Executive Secretary, John J. Nielsen, we have received the following information.

Life Memberships Trust Fund Account

August 1973	---	\$8,930.10
August 1975	175	--
August 1976	200	--
August 1977	239	\$19,775.46
August 1978	261	\$23,332.46
August 1979	351	\$29,877.84
Since September	371	--

New memberships to be reported for this issue include Kenneth Eldwin Bement, AL; Larry W. Dunn, TF; Roy Alvin McClellan, MESA; W. Julius Johnson, MESA; Wayne Elisha Kartchner, MESA; Lynn arthur Madsen, MESA; Mark Spencer Madsen, MESA; Robert H. Horne, L.M. -EMC; Earl Johnson, SH; Monty Allan Cox Farrall, AL; Ernest O. Steimle, BY; Bryan Allen Bunker, MESA; Kenneth P. Heywood, MESA; Patrick G. Pomeroy, MESA; Robert B. Foutz, MESA; Martin LeGrande Jensen, TQ and a hearty welcome to each one!

BRIEFLY FROM THE EDITOR

At the invitation of our President Ken Wiseman I will again resume the post of editor of the PIONEER. The smell of printer's ink has been familiar to me since I was first able to wrap single copies of the old UTAH FARMER of which my father was owner and publisher.

The role of editor is not an easy one at times. The selection of articles, editing material to the space available and still trying to keep the PIONEER to the high standard to which it has been held in the past - requires some skill, patience and understanding.

In the forthcoming issues we will try to select feature articles and stories that will maintain your interest in the PIONEER and at the same time inform you of all our SUP activities and projects.

With all four grandparents "walk ins" to the Valley, the least that I can do is to be of service to an organization dedicated to the ideals of a pioneer heritage.

E. Kay Kirkham

National Society Officers Select New Building Site

Over a period of years the National Society, Sons of Utah Pioneers, has had a standing committee to select their new home. Now that we are getting close to that goal proper credit and recognition is to be given to those who have given so much of their time and talent for a worthy cause. Members who have either served on this committee in the past or, they are doing so at present, include Adolph Johnson, Orson Wright, Joy Dunyon, George Lloyd, Kay Kirkham, Wesley Reese, Oliver R. Smith, Sidney Horman, George Everton, Phil Robbins, John J. Nielsen, Kenneth Wiseman and Grant Hale.

In the past few years members of the New Home Committee have considered such sites as the State Capitol area, This is the Place Monument area, Utah Pioneer Trail Park and other sites near the University of Utah; sites in both Salt Lake City and Salt Lake County and now, the present site overlooking the entrance to Parley's Canyon. Inasmuch as the selection of a building site is only one part of the overall New Home project other committees and persons have contributed a vital share in achieving a permanent home for our organization.

In the area of Parley's Canyon it was necessary to have 'neighbor to neighbor' contacts and the Canyon Rim/Heritage Chapter members were active in visiting throughout the neighborhood of our new location. Our thanks go to Quinton Palmer, Ervin Skousen, Gerald Wright and Charles Dickson. National Board members assisting in the project were Phil Robbins and John J. Nielsen.

ARCHITECTS ENGAGED

The preliminary architectural plans for the new home have been drawn up by Glen Ashton Lloyd and Dennis Butler. Property appraisals have been made by W. L. "Bud" Christensen and Dean Holbrook; legal and title descriptions by Herbert Halliday, Ronald Hanson of the McGhie Abstract Company.

Fund raising for the new home has been under the direction of W. Lowell Castleton and his committee composed of John J. Nielsen, K. Grant Hale and others. The efforts of this committee will continue until their goal is attained.

Our special thanks go to M. Kenneth White and Marie White as donors of the property on which the New Home will be built. At a time when the Society needed someone to step forward and make dreams come true, Ken and Marie made it all possible.

CIVIC LEADERS ASSISTED IN PROJECT

While our own members have been active in the New Home project many other persons assisted the National Society officers in accomplishing the 'ground work' at the new site that has been selected. From the Salt Lake City Water Department Charles Wilson, Jack Bollwindke, Harold Telford and Le Roy Hooton have assisted together with the efforts of John Gust of the Salt Lake City Parks & Recreation Department. Craig Petersen of the SLC Planning Commission and Woodrow Walton of the SLC Purchasing Department contributed their part together with Clayne Ricks of the Salt Lake County

Planning Commission. The Canyon Rim/Heritage Citizens Group was lead by Clinton Mott.

IT'S ALL LEGAL

All legal documents are being prepared by our own Judge Advocate, Milton Backman, the Salt Lake City Corporation and the legal representatives of Kenneth and Marie White.

While we have waited patiently for the selection of a new home site, in the meantime it was necessary for the I-80 Freeway to be built and have a beautiful entrance and exit to the historic Parley's Canyon. Our highest compliments go to Ken and Marie White and all others that have contributed to our New Home project which should soon be finalized.

Temple Quarry Chapter Leads the Way for 1980 Memberships

In keeping with the request from our National Society officers, the Temple Quarry Chapter has sent in their 1980 chapter memberships in advance of all other chapters of the SUP organization. Memberships received include thirty-four regular memberships with twelve additional Life Memberships, a total of forty-six memberships. Our sincere thanks go to chapter president Walter L. Ewell and chapter secretary and treasurer, J. Jerome Tullis.

The Temple Quarry Chapter is off to a good start. How soon can we receive your memberships for the year 1980? The example set by the Temple Quarry Chapter may be emulated by all chapters because paid-up advance dues is the key to a successful year in chapter activities.

A Centennial Feature

Down The Chute

This historic event took place 100 years ago in January, 1880

By Cal Decker

Hy Perkins nervously drove his wagon to the brink of the Colorado River gorge and paused while two heavy ropes were attached to the rear axle. A frigid breeze blew into his face causing the canvas wagon cover to rustle. He shivered from the early morning cold, and also in apprehension of what lay before him. He gazed down the road he would have to drive, dropping through a narrow cleft with sheer rocks rising 500 feet on each side.

The first 40 yards was nearly straight down -- the ropes were being tied on his wagon so that all available men could hold back and keep the wagon from over-running his team. For another 100 yards the road ran down a narrow crevice through which his wagon would barely be able to squeeze. Then it turned to the left, hugging the side of the cliff high above the river. Finally it curved downward again to the ferry landing 2,000 feet below where the river glistened in the early morning sun.

HORSES KNEW BETTER

All was ready. Each man or teenage boy had his place on the ropes. Hy spoke to his team but the horses refused to move, staring transfixed at the water far below. Hy took down his whip and laid it over the backs of the horses. They reared, whinnied and fought at their bits, and it was obvious that nothing could force them over the edge. Driving his wagon out of the way Hy made room for his brother Ben to move his wagon into position. The ropes were untied and fastened on Ben's wagon.

With gentle coaxing Ben eased his team to the edge. They were already skittish from observing the actions of the other team, and the sight of the sheer drop in front of them caused them to panic. They surged backward so violently that they nearly tipped the wagon over before they could be quieted. With a

worried look Ben descended from the wagon seat.

Kumen Jones had a gentle, well-broken team. He volunteered to hitch them to Ben's wagon; he was sure they would go down the Chute. Once more the wagon was driven to the brink of the canyon, but the horses couldn't be coerced over the edge.

NOW WHAT?

Kumen tied up the reins and went to join Ben and Hy, who were talking with Jens Nielson and Platte Lyman. They deliberated several minutes but no one could think of a solution to their problem. Platte left the group and walked to the Hole where he gazed down into the vastness of the canyon. He was the leader now that President Smith was away, and the responsibility rested heavily upon him. After all these weeks of hard work was the San Juan Mission doomed to failure?

It was now January 26, 1880. It had been over three months since these many families had left their comfortable homes in Cedar City, Parowan, Beaver and other little towns of southern Utah. They had expected to reach Montezuma on the San Juan River in six weeks. They still had a long way to go.

NO PROGRESS & NO RETREAT

In November, when their scouts had reported that building a road through this rugged country was next to impossible, the party would have returned home, but heavy snows blocked their retreat. They trusted in the Lord to provide a way and went to work with a will.

Before President Silas Smith left for Salt Lake City to petition the legislature for funds to buy tools and blasting powder, he organized the work forces. Jens Nielson, George Sevy, Ben Perkins, Henry Holyoak, Zack Decker and Samuel Bryson were sustained as captains. They were all young men. Zack was one of the

oldest at thirty. The road was pushed on to Fifty Mile Spring, and the top of the Hole. Because of the scarcity of fuel and water the camp was divided. The Cedar City group, who had the assignment of blasting down the Hole, made camp on the edge of the gorge. Parowan and the smaller villages grouped together at Fifty Mile Spring. Their assignment was to cross the river and build a road up Cottonwood Canyon and the cliffs on the east side. The men would leave their families on Monday morning, walk the five miles to the river, cross over and set up camp until Saturday evening when they would return.

Finding forage for the company's livestock was hard and perilous work. There were over a thousand head of cattle and several hundred loose horses that had to be herded over many square miles. This was done by 15 year old George Decker and other teenage boys. They found a bench above the river with about 100 acres of good grazing, and built a trail down to "Jackass Flat". It was a dangerous descent and as they were driving the herd of horses down, nine of the animals slipped and fell to their deaths. It is a credit to these young stock tenders that most of the livestock reached the San Juan in good condition.

The weather was also a problem. Blizzards stopped work for days at a time, and the workmen could do nothing but huddle in their tents or wagons and wait for it to clear. Two of the young stock tenders became lost in a snow storm and wrestled all night to keep from freezing. When Anna Decker went into labor her wagon box "home" was unbolted, placed on the ground, and snow packed around it to keep out the drafts. Lena Deseret Decker was a perfectly normal birth.

(Continued on page 12)

MEMORIAL PLAQUE LIST CONTINUES TO GROW

In the last issue of the PIONEER a first printing of contributors to our Memorial Plaque project was issued. With this issue we continue to list the contributors who have sent in \$100. for each plaque name as well as the complete vital statistic information needed for the plaque.

At the National headquarters there are two files being formed and maintained to make a proper record of the memorialized pioneers. (1) A green-colored alphabetized card file, listing each plaque name with the vital statistic information required. (2) A buff-colored alphabetical donor file listing plaque names being memorialized and donor information such as address, contribution record and followup correspondence dates.

The new plaque names to be memorialized are as follows:

Hannah S. B. Allred, Jos. Smith Barlow, Sr., George Henry Berry, Thomas Budge, Mary H. W. Carlisle, Richard Mathew Carlisle, George Henry Dansie, William Joseph Despain and John Wm. Dutsen.

Josiah Albert Faylor, Mary Jane T. Faylor, Jos. Albert Faylor, Jr., Mary Jane A. Faylor, Jesse Fowers, Jesse Wm. Fox, Jr., John Frew and James May.

Josiah Albert Faylor, Mary Jane T. Faylor, Jos. Albert Faylor, Jr., Mary Jane A. Faylor, Jesse Fowers, Jesse Wm. Fox, Jr., John Frew and James May.

George Brigham Hobbs, James Houston, Dr. Robert Hughes, George W. Larkin, Bertha Knudsen, Henry Lunt and Lisa Person Malstrom.

Jacob Malstrom, Hilma Gustava Malstrom, Peter Malstrom, John Conrad Naegle, Peter Madsen, Peter Madsen, Jr., Dortha Mogensen Monsen.

Peter Mogensen Monsen, Maren Andersen Poulsen, Hans Poulsen, James Clayborne Thomas, Tena Nelson Thomas, Wm. Richard Wiseman and Richard W. Young.

To this list can be added those names where we do not have all information or where only partial payments have been made.

Sierra Chapter Reports New Officers for 1980

Ralph D. Bird, of the Sierra Chapter reports that the following officers will be installed at their January chapter meeting. Ralph D. Bird, president, Raymond M. Willis secretary, Donald J. Thurman, treasurer. Their chapter meetings are held on the fourth Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. at locations to be announced to their membership.

Temple Fork Chapter Presents New Officers

On December 20, 1979, the Temple Fork Chapter had their Christmas social at the Utah State University at which time they enjoyed a smorgasboard dinner and held their annual election of officers.

The election of the 1980 officers were presented to the people and announced as follows:

President	Alvin C. Hull
President-elect	Delano Hunsaker
Vice President	James Johnson
Two-year Directors	Gerald Adair and Sylmar Jessop
One-year Directors	Hyrum Ward and Garth Clark Page

All other positions are to be filled by appointment by the new president.

Special guests attending the festivities of the night were: National President Ken Wiseman; Phil Robbins, Past National President; and Sylvester Anderson, National Vice President for the Cache area.

Pearl Gordon was honored as special guest due to the passing of her husband this year. A crowd of about 140 members and guests was in attendance. The program was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Murdock from the College Ward area, they are professional singers and they kept the crowd interested through their wonderful performance.

Merlin W. Kendrick, reporter

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The Little Rock Chapel

by Ron Van Woerden, Lagoon Corporation

Presiding over the north end of Main Street in Pioneer Village, is the Summit County Little Rock Chapel. The church, nestled between the poplar and oak trees of the Lagoon amusement park, is surrounded by flowering gardens of every color and shape. The light-hued facade of the Chapel is an imposing and inspiring scene which suggests solemnity; a stark contrast to the bustling midway of the amusement area. One moment children are screaming as they careen down the curves of the Jet Star 2, the next moment there are whispered comments of awe in the Rock Chapel.

This building, constructed by the original pioneers who came to Utah in 1847, originally stood on Main Street in Coalville. It was first constructed in 1853 and was used as a fort against Indians. The windows of the church had many a gun poking through, with frightened townspeople huddled behind the two-foot thick walls. Later, when relations with the Indians got better, it was used as a courthouse.

In 1869, Brigham Young came from Salt Lake City and dedicated the building as a church. From that point on, it became the center of religious, political and social life for the people of Summit County. The building was used for 80 years, then, because times change and the community grew, the Little Rock Chapel was obsolete and destined to be torn down.




But Horace Sorensen, who had a vision of the future through preserving the past, was not about to let the church be destroyed. In the early 1950's he moved it to his Pioneer Village on Conner Street in Salt Lake City. Then, in 1976 it was moved, intact, to the present-day Lagoon site.

The building contains the original church pews, chandeliers which still

burn candles, the original pot-bellied stove, stained glass windows and the lectern. It's all there to enjoy. The Old West wasn't exactly like you will see it at Pioneer Village, but the combination of natural setting, painstaking restoration and real attention to detail make Pioneer Village with its Little Rock Chapel and 40 other buildings, a fine place to spend a summer day.

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New deadline for
Pioneer Magazine
news items will be February 15,
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PIONEER DAY MESSAGE FROM TEMPLE SQUARE

By Elder Hugh W. Pinnock, Member First Quorum of Seventy

Editor's note: This impressive service is sponsored annually by the Pioneer Chapter, SUP. The current president and emcee was Dr. W. Dean Belnap. Jerry C. Higginson is the president-elect and Robert M. Simonsen served as program chairman. Other features besides Elder Pinnock's address included the Jay Welch Chorale and the Salt Lake Repertory Orchestra with Jay Welch the conductor, Melvin Dunn the accompanist and Rex Campbell the narrator. The Mormon Battalion conducted the flag ceremony and pledge of allegiance under the command of Col. Elmer B. Jones.

(Part II - continued from last issue, page 8)

We face some problems today as frightening and destructive as anything those early settlers knew - what are these modern day dangers?

First: We can lose this freedom that has been paid for so dearly if we are not careful. On the wall of my office hangs a picture of a statue. The statue bears an eagle astride a granite base. The engraving on that base states "Freedom is everybody's job." The great American illustrator, J. C. Legendecker painted it presumably during the second World War and its message applies to both our Pioneer forefathers and to us today. The retention of freedom is actually everyone's responsibility. If this is truly "THE PLACE" then freedom of expression, freedom of legitimate choice and our other freedoms guaranteed in our Constitution and the Bill of Rights must be retained. How??

First: May we have the maturity to appreciate the blessings of today and the desire to retain these blessings forever.

The tragedy of life, it has been said, is not that it ends too soon, but that we wait too long to begin it. The greatest teacher in all mankind said, "Take therefore, no thought for the morrow." He didn't mean not to plan for the future, but to live today fully and freely - we are free when we live life to its fullness.

The Pioneers we pay tribute to this day gave all they had for freedom. *"And we are who we are today because of their desire to be free."*

Do you recall the story of the man who lay uneasily on his death bed, unconscious - when suddenly he awoke and noticed that he was walking in a beautiful meadow - he heard the laughing voices of small children, observed majestic mountains, saw a musical little stream wandering through green and gold fields, he spotted the willows growing along the bank and observed puffy white, expressive clouds playing overhead - and noticing them he observed several different types of birds flying to and fro. He soon noticed a man next to him dressed in white and enthusiastically expressed "Surely I must be in Heaven, peace and beauty are everywhere."

His new companion simply and sadly said, "No, this is the earth upon which you lived but never noticed."

By appreciating our beautiful world and having gratitude for those who desired freedom enough to be willing to die for it brings up the second principles by which we may find personal happiness and built securely upon this great foundation we have inherited.

This second principle can best be understood by recalling a story of pre-pioneer days. A man named

Davenport had served as an aide to General George Washington. After the Revolutionary War had ended he returned to Hartford, and was elected to the Connecticut Senate. The scientists of the day were unsophisticated - no one knew a total eclipse of the sun was to occur on a certain day. Suddenly darkness came to Hartford at Noon at midday chickens began to roost, dogs began to howl, housewives and children ran from their homes in terror as darkness enveloped the area. Both the Connecticut House and Senate were in session. Members of the House of Representatives in panic moved for adjournment and fled into the street, but in the State Senate an interesting experience occurred. Senator Davenport stood and said, "Either the world is coming to an end today, or it is not. In any event I want to be found doing my duty. I move the Senate remain in session - and they did - and a little later sunlight returned to New England.

May we have the tradition of always doing our duty, whether it be building fences, serving on Church committees, laboring as City and County servants, competently involved in our professions and as parents. May we be found doing our duty wherever we go and whatever our responsibilities might be. *"And we are who we are today because they did their duty."*

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Secondly: We must add to that which we have or risk losing it. In business we call it adding value.

The son of a Spartan General complained that his sword was too short. The reply of his heroic father is the key to all meaningful action. He said, "Add a step to it."

Is our beautiful community even more special because of our contribution of adding value to it. Our Brigham Young of today, Spencer W. Kimball has admonished us to paint our fences, plant gardens and lengthen our strides. Is our own part of the community clean, appealing and an asset to our cultural heritage because of our effort? "*We are who we are today because of their obedience.*"

Third: In the spirit of this Pioneer environment of ours, have we retained our individuality? Cameron Hawley reported that on one of the last days of his grandmother's life he sat beside her bed as she was warmly reminiscent, talking of how the world had changed during the half century since she had come to the Dakota territory as a pioneering bride. He asked her what change she considered most significant.

Her face sobered. "I'll tell you the one I most regret," she said. When I was a girl there were so many men who stood out as individuals. Now there are so few. More and more ..., it seems, men are yielding to some terrible compulsion

to conform, to think alike and talk alike - yes, even look alike. In those days, she reported, "You could recognize any man who was worth knowing as far away as you could see him or hear the sound of his voice. Believe me, no one ever mistook your grandfather for someone else. He was always his own man, thinking with his own mind, standing on his own feet. He knew that a man finds happiness only by walking his own path across the earth." Cameron Hawley went on to report that it took him many years before he realized the full value of the heritage she was handing him. The things of which we are least proud have resulted from the weaknesses of conformity, from being more concerned with pleasing others than with satisfying our own walk on "The path across the earth." "*And we are who we are today because of their individuality.*"

The theme of Pioneer Day: Yes, the underlying theme of every 24th of July is faith and courage.

"*We are truly who we are because of who they were.*"

A song they sang, "Come, Come Ye Saints," buoyed them up as it inspires us today. Oscar Winters, one of the original Pioneers and father-in-law of President Heber J. Grant related the following story:

One night as were making camp, we noticed one of our Brethren had not arrived and a volunteer party was immediately organized to return

and see if anything had happened to him. Just as we were about to start, we saw the missing Brother coming in the distance. When he arrived he said he had been quite sick; so some of us unyoked his oxen and attended to his part of the camp duties. After supper, he sat down before the camp fire on a large rock and sang in a very faint but plaintive and sweet voice, the hymn, "Come, Come ye Saints." It was a rule of the camp that whenever anybody started this hymn all in the camp should join, but for some reason this evening nobody joined him. He sang the hymn alone. When he had finished I doubt if there was a single dry eye in the camp. The next morning we noticed that he was not yoking up his cattle. We went to his wagon and found that he had died during the night. We dug a shallow grave and after we had covered the body with the earth we rolled the large stone to the head of the grave to mark it - The stone on which he had been sitting the night before when he sang: "And should we die before our journey's through---happy day! All is well, ..."

May each of us know that it is a happy day! All is well, all is well when we blend our minds, spirits, voices and muscles together in retaining the spirit of our Pioneer progenitors. We have come from buck-board times to the jet liner age, yet by remembering and appreciating the Pioneers, this day we will be more effective in living life to its fullest.

This is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.



HISTORICAL MUSEUM - Members of the Sierra Chapter of Sacramento, National Society, Sons of Utah Pioneers assisted with the construction of a barn to house carriages at the El Dorado County Museum last weekend. Supervising the work was Bill Covington of the Museum Commission. The work crew included, left to right, non-member Frank Schneider, Covington, Johnnie Johnson, Ray Willis, Evan Perkins, national society vice president, Jack Wittwer, chapter secretary, and non-member George Burrows.

“...it will dignify our proud heritage”

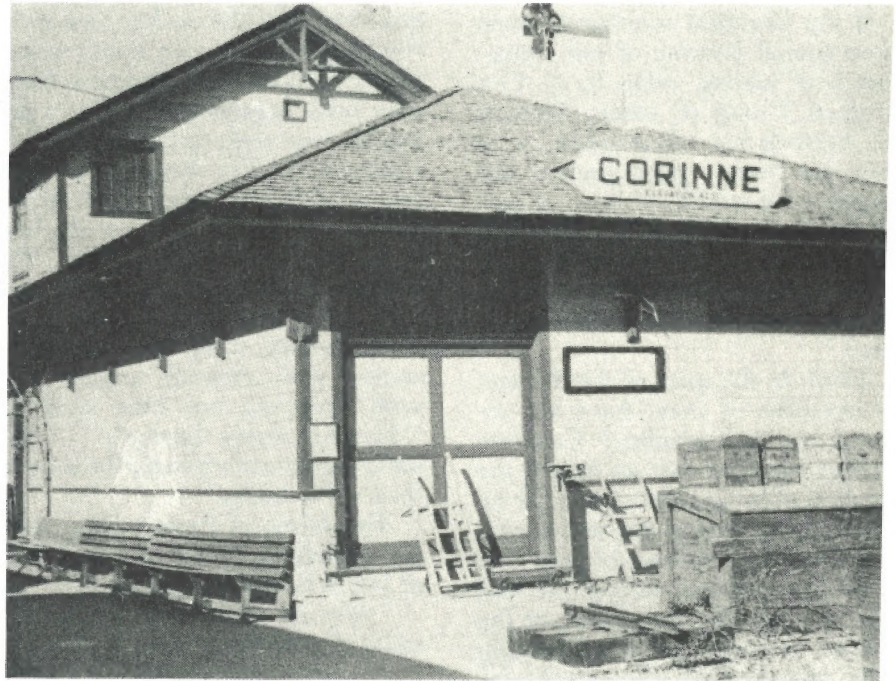
As we continue to report on the progress being made in moving the railroad museum of the Sons of Utah Pioneers from Corinne to Heber, Utah, it becomes evident that this is truly an historic event. Sometimes it takes an outside view to see the true value of historic sites.

Last fall, Philip Robbins, President of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, received a letter from Congressman Gunn McKay which announced the approval of a grant in the amount of \$805,250, “to establish a railroad village and museum at Heber City, Utah.” We would like to quote from a part of that letter.

“This is an exciting moment for us, as members of this association which has helped make it possible through the pledge of this priceless collection and for the millions of Utahns and visitors to our state who will enjoy this facility in the years ahead. Together with the unmatched mountainlands scenery and a working, antique railroad, this display unquestionably will be the finest of its kind in the United States. IT WILL FURTHER DIGNIFY OUR PROUD HERITAGE. (as above)

Utahns everywhere are grateful for this productive partnership between the SUP and the Timpanogos Preservation Society, and for your foresight and dedication to a dream which now is coming fully into its own.”

While we are going head-long into an exciting future there are associations, organizations of various kinds of objectives, that are making an effort to preserve that past from which we all seek a proud heritage. Of all things to consider for a museum of historic artifacts a railroad museum would probably be the last thing for some people to think about. Big “iron horses” on steel roads, railroad depots (community centers), blacksmith shops and all that went with an historic area centering about and around a railroad. All this would seem



The old Honeyville Depot, formerly a part of the NSSUP Railroad Museum at Corinne, Utah

impossible to be moved and brought to an area where the public could always see it and enjoy it again as did those pioneers of the past.

“What was a railroad, grandpa?” - “Haven’t we always had TV?” These and other questions make the living generation mindful of what used to be. Let us forget, a ride on an early railroad was an exciting experience. Wow, the speed! The conductors and brakemen, the engineers and depots along the way. Thanks to historic preservation societies, a proud heritage will not be forgotten no matter how big it was or how difficult it might be to move it to an area where, at one place, a cross section of old pioneer days would again be viewed with wonder and excitement.

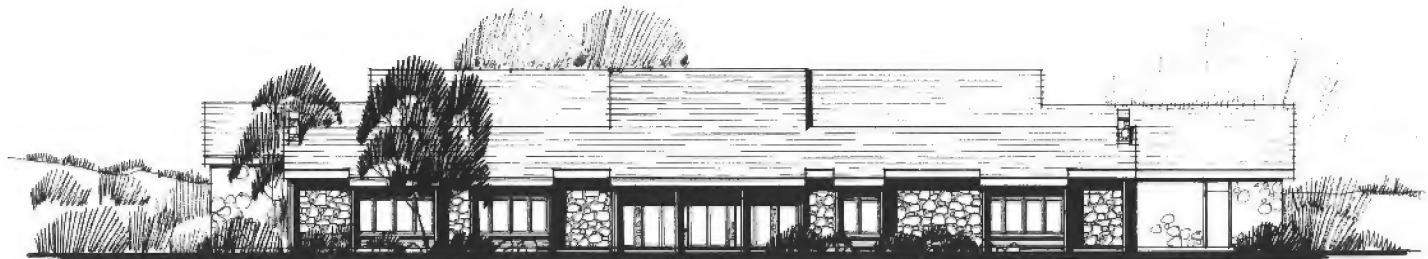
DEDICATION, A NECESSITY

Historic sites and museums are all monuments to the dedication of some one person or organization. What would the Commonwealth of Virginia have to take the place of

its historic Williamsburg? or the State of Michigan and its “Dearborn Village?” Someone saw the past as a window to better see into the future. It isn’t that we want to see the past as a time when “I wouldn’t want to live that way”, it’s just that to live that way”, it’s just that the pioneers of that day did the very best with what they had. As we carefully view how they did their work, it was a quality job all the way. They made things to last whether it was railroad engineers, railroad depots or furniture. Now with a historic museum at Heber City, Utah, a heritage, of which we can be truly proud, will always be with us. All thanks and appreciations are to be expressed to those persons and organizations that could see our past as a heritage of which we can be proud.

While Williamsburg had its Rockefeller and Fort Dearborn its Fords, the Corinne railroad museum at Heber City, Utah will have its Sorensons, Horace and Ethel.

E. Kay Kirkham, editor.



*Proposed sketch of the new home for the
National Society, Sons of Utah Pioneers*

HISTORIC PARLEY'S HOLLOW

I am standing on the rim of Parley's Hollow at 3300 East and 2800 South. This is the future site of the headquarters building of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers. I am first conscious of the hum of traffic going it seems in all directions over the earthen fills which cross the Hollow to the East and to the West, blocking from view the natural course of Parley's Creek or Big Canyon Creek as the pioneers called it. As one looks at the panoramic scene from this point one is conscious of the results of 133 years of population growth and industrial development.

Just above the freeway fill to the west one sees the Salt Lake Country Club House. To the northwest we see the outlines of some of our taller buildings in downtown Salt Lake City. The Salt Palace, the State Capitol and the L.D.S. Church office building are easily spotted. Big airplanes are overhead, either making their approach or departure from our International Airport west of the city. And as we gaze out toward Great Salt Lake we are conscious of the fact that the boundaries of business and industry are ever reaching toward its shores. On the north slopes of the Oquirrh Mountains one sees the gentle rising plume of smoke from the new high rise smokestack of Kennecott's smelter.

From the time of the landing of the pilgrims, rivers and streams have been the life blood of any community; so when the pioneers first became acquainted with Big Canyon Creek they quickly recognized its potential value. They also recognized the possibility of Big Canyon providing an easier route to Echo Canyon by

way of Silver Creek. Landsford Hastings and Jim Clyman went up through Big Canyon (Parley's Canyon) in May 1846 when on their way East from Sutter's Fort in California, but in August 1846 the Donner Party scouts deemed the mouth of Big Canyon impassible for their wagon train.

In 1847 Parley P. Pratt explored Big Canyon with the idea of building a road around suicide rock in the mouth of the canyon and on up the canyon to what they called the Dell Fork. In his Autobiography p. 407 for March 18, 1848 we read: "I devoted the fore part of the summer to farming, but my crop failing, I commenced in July to work a road up the rugged Canyon of Big Canyon Creek, I had the previous year explored the Canyon for that purpose, and also a beautiful park and the passes from Salt Lake to the Weber river Eastward - in a more southerly and less rugged route than the pioneer's entrance into the valley.

"I soon so far completed my road as to be able to obtain a large amount of fuel and timber. In November I ceased operations in the Canyon and broke up my mountain camp and returned to the city."

The road that Parley P. Pratt built was a toll road and was also known as the Golden Pass road. Big Canyon and Big Canyon Creek became known as Parley's canyon and Parley's creek and the hollow formed by the creek from the mouth of the canyon to Sugarhouse was called Parley's Hollow. The road opened up the hollow and the canyon to industry, farming and recreation. At one time as many as

20 families lived in the canyon mostly near the area called the Dell where there was a store, an inn called Roach's and a school house.

Later, just east of Suicide Rock, Salt Lake City built a reservoir. Suicide Rock which was a proud landmark in the mouth of the canyon has now suffered the ignominy of becoming a public sign board, bearing at its crown, a message in bright red paint, "I love you Joy."

As I focus my attention on the hollow between the Wasatch Boulevard and the freeway fill in front of the Country Club, I can see the old dugway road coming down into the hollow from the South at twenty-seventh East. It crossed the hollow and over the north rim. One sees the path of the old railroad that went to Park City, first as a narrow gauged track and later standard gauged in 1900 by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. The railroad was abandoned in 1946. The remains of the old dirt road going up the hollow into the canyon can still be seen.

About in the center of the hollow is a foundation of the old Dudler salon and inn. It was a stopping place for the travelers going up and down the canyon. It was the site of some rather rowdy times. A story is told that two men traveling in a wagon stopped there and soon a violent argument ensued and the men stormed out of the salon jumping on their wagon and started up the team, part of the harness had come loose and scared the team which ran away tipping over the wagon, killing the two men.

After the saloon was closed down a daughter of Dudler's still lived in

(Continued on page 14)

Down The Chute

(Continued from page 5)

SO THEY DANCE

Except for general impatience -- wanting to get to San Juan in time to plant their crops -- the company remained in good spirits. To celebrate Christmas a bonfire was lit on a flat sandstone area, the musicians tuned up their fiddles and they danced the Virginia Reel, polkas, minuets, Schottisches and Scottish reels. The only available fuel was the scadscale bushes which the young cowboys would rope and drag in. Another enjoyable dance was held on New Year's Eve.

A touch on the shoulder raised Platte Lyman from his reverie. Jens Nielson, that big likable Dane, leader of the group from Cedar City, had approached him. With him was Joe Barton from Fifty Mile Camp. These two offered a solution to their problem. If one team could be persuaded to go down that cliff, the others would follow, and Joe had the team. He brought up a pair of large "wheel" horses, pulling a trail wagon loaded with farming equipment and supplies. Ropes were tied to the axle and the men again formed a restraining line.

THE BLIND SHALL LEAD THEM

Joe tied a safety rope to keep from falling onto the team, and standing erect coaxed his team over the edge. The horses moved carefully but steadily down the steep incline, completely unconcerned, trusting in their master's voice and his touch on the reins for directions, for they were totally blind! The men strained on the ropes and the crowd of women and children from camp held their breaths. When the wagon reached the bottom of the first precipice they exploded with laughter and cheering.

The wagon continued on down the Chute. Soon it became so narrow that the hubs of the wheels rubbed on the sandstone walls. The men following behind kept a firm grip on the ropes as it was still too steep to relax their efforts. The road turned to

the left and ran along "Uncle Ben's Dugway", named after the captain of the Hole-in-the-Rock crew and engineer of the project, Ben Perkins. It was here that holes had been drilled in the near perpendicular cliff, oak posts pounded in, and brush and rocks piled on to make a level roadway. A groove had been chiseled on the inner side to hold the wagon wheels against the cliff.

Finally reaching the river they found Charles Hall waiting with the ferry he and his sons John and Reed had constructed. It was large enough to carry two wagons and their teams across the 350 foot wide Colorado. Joe Barton unhitched his team and drove it back up the cliff, accompanied by his helpers with ropes. It was a proud moment for those who had worked so hard on this road.

Joe took down another wagon and the other teams followed, using the same procedure with the men on the ropes. Charles Hall ferried the wagons across the river and a new camp was set up in Cottonwood Canyon. All 26 wagons of the Cedar camp went down that day with the only accident being a broken water barrel that someone had forgotten to remove from the side of his wagon.

ANOTHER MIRACLE

Joe Barton returned to Fifty Mile Camp with the news. He wanted to move his family down that evening but the rest of the camp elected to wait until the next day. Undaunted he took his wife and two daughters and went back alone. Reaching the Hole they found it deserted. There was no one to hold the ropes for him. He decided to chain the rear wheels together, set the hand brake, and try it alone. Harriet and the girls readily agreed to walk. Screeching and rattling, the wagon careened down the incline and through the Chute, the horses barely able to keep out of it's way. When he was able to come to a stop Joe got down to untie the chain. He found it broken, but it had miraculously flipped a loop around the feloe and locked the wheel!

The good weather turned cold

again, and the next day it was snowing. It was February 1st before the Fifty Mile Camp could make their descent. Altogether 83 wagons were driven down Hole-in-the-Rock, with the only casualty being a mule belonging to Zack Decker. He also tried to drive down alone, with two wagons hitched together and a six horse and mule team. When the chain locking the rear wheels broke, the wagon ran into the mule in the right wheel position. The mule lost it's footing and was dragged down the incline, but it acted as a brake to keep the wagons from wrecking. Most of the mule's hide was torn off and it died a few days later.

Among all the pioneering ventures of the West the Hole-in-the-Rock expedition stands out. Those 250 men, women and children faced greater trials and hardships, but their indomitable spirit accomplished the impossible.

Note: The description of the first wagons down Hole-in-the-Rock is based on the eye-witness account of George Decker, as he told it to a re-union in 1941.

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The Buena Ventura Chapter Elects for 1980

The Buena Ventura Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers met at the Davis Steak House on December 17, 1979 and the following officers were chosen for the coming year. Sitting left to right, Leonard B. Blackner, first vice-president; George Woodland, president; Andrew E. Schow, second vice-

president. Standing left to right, Owen Horne, secretary-treasurer; Thomas V. Wall, historian and Weldon Roberts, chaplain.

A very fine dinner was enjoyed, after which we were entertained by Mary Roberts, who gave a Christmas reading. Then Kathy Horne sang several songs which she had composed herself.

President Woodland thanked all who had taken part in the meeting and the meeting was adjourned.

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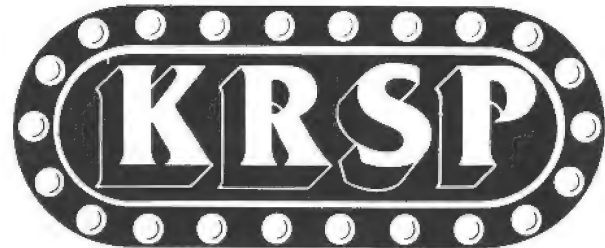
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HISTORIC PARLEY'S CANYON

(Continued from page 11)

the place. Her name was Loretta but she was called Rett. She was rather tall and slender and generally dressed in dark clothes. It is said that she was an accomplished musician and had a baby grand piano in her small living quarters. She lived alone in the hollow until some boys playing in the hollow set it on fire. She was called crazy Mary by the people who lived in the area.

After one passes the part of the hollow, by the west of the Country Club and goes toward Sugarhouse, he comes upon the former sites of varied industrial activity. W.C.A. Smoot an early resident of the Sugarhouse district states: "A hum of activity has always surrounded the sugar mill property, even in the old days the region was known as the Canyon Creek milling center and had probably twenty mills of all descriptions along the stream above and below it."

The following is a partial list of some of the mills:

1852 Sugar Mill later became the Paper mill; 1854 Match Factory; 1856 Federal Penitentiary built Nail Factory; 1858 Iron Foundry; 1858 The Tannery; 1863 The Woolen and Carding Mill; 1863 The Cotton Mill; 1870 A Glass and Button Factory; 1875 A Chemical and Powder Works; A Grist Mill built by Brigham Young (now in Liberty Park); Lumber Mill where Southeast Furniture now is. The first Cacooney and Mulberry Farm was on the Parley's Creek.

Most of these enterprises were short lived but nevertheless filled an important need in the pioneer economy. The main problems were the lack of materials and processing technology.

More on Hollow will follow - in future issues.

Edson Packer
Assistant to Historian

George B. and Ellen Everton Report on their Mission to Israel

George and Ellen Everton responded to a call from the Church to go to the Holy Land as ambassadors of good will. From their report it is evident that many friendships were made with the local Jewish organizations and the ground work has been laid for better relations in the future.

Besides local contacts with the Jewish Community George had the opportunity to speak to the local Rotary Club on genealogy. A subject on which he and his family business, the Everton Publishers of Nibley, Utah, are known worldwide.

The Evertons were fortunate to be present at the dedication of the Orson Hyde Memorial Gardens on

October 24, 1979. George reports that this was an occasion to cement Mormon-Jewish relations for a long time to come.

Because of the many friendly contacts that they had made in Israel leaving there was a sad occasion for them. The Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church called to wish them well and gave them his blessing. Other friends shed tears as they prepared to return to their Utah home, family reunions, reports to the General Authorities and many friends.

As a National Society we are fortunate to have a past national president who can be an ambassador of good will to such an important country and the Holy Land. He has testified of President Kimball being a prophet of God and extends to all his love and best wishes for the coming year.



View into Parley's Canyon showing Suicide Rock and Reservoir

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TILT OF THE FEATHER

(1964 Prize Winning Pioneer Story by Noal C. Newbold, Senior Division)

The young sun felt warm on my buckskin shirt. Beyond and below me was the beautiful Wasatch Valley. To the right was the canyon, to the west rugged Timpanogos pushed her snow tipped breasts into the sky. The rifle was almost limp in my arms.

Suddenly, breaking through the scrub oak fifty yards away bounded a splendid stag. The rifle jumped to my shoulder, I creased him in the sights. His ears flicked, his nose twitched. The scent he was testing was not mine, I was down wind. Without moving the rifle I peered into the canyon. The buck had smelled Indians. They came single file from the black canyon shadows, seventeen of them. I could not tell from the tilt of the feather if their excursion was a friendly one, the paint on their faces gave me reason for doubt.

I dropped the rifle into the crook of my arm, the stag had won a reprieve.

My cabin, with Christy and the children, lay in the path of the redmen. I made my descent from the mountain on foot quickly and quietly. I knew the Indians would reach the cabin first. At the rear of the cabin I listened, it was quiet. A mad scene of massacre rushed before my mind's eye. Bracing myself, I leisurely walked into the view of the war party.

I recognized Gray Bear, an old chief; and three of the younger bucks, Racing Dear, Little Beaver and the renegade Flying Hawk. In the doorway was my Christy, rifle in her hands. Will was peering from behind her skirts on one side and Sarah from the other. The baby must have been in the cradle. Christy could not speak their language, but the look on her face let the Indians know one step closer would cost at least one life. It was she who held them at bay.

"What do they want, Will?" she asked, pointing the rifle to an upright lance.

With my limited vocabulary I saluted Gray Bear and asked what they wanted.

"All they want is dinner," I told Christy.

"Then why are they all painted up?"

Gray Bear says if you don't have dinner by the time the shadow of the spear and the shadow of the fence post meet, he and his braves will kill us and all the settlers in the Valley."

"Do you think they mean it?"

"Do you want to wait and see?"

"No, I'm not that curious. How long does that give me?"

"Till about noon, maybe three hours."

"Come and help me start the fire."

"I can't, that's squaws work. You'll have to do it alone, Christy, or we can fight."

Her reply was a determined look on her queenly face as she shooed the children back into the cabin.

I invited Gray Bear and his braves to dismount and sit. I gathered from our conversation that channeled in and out of empty furrows their journey was to satiate some of the younger braves, particularly Flying Hawk. There was no talk of battles in the wigwams. Game was scarce. Children were hungry, and the winters were longer than they used to be. It was the fault of the white-man, and Flying Hawk and his young bucks were out for some adventure. Gray Bear had come as a stabling factor. I knew the old chief and wondered if my choice of cabins was designed or accidental, in the hope of stopping unnecessary bloodshed.

As we talked I mentioned the huge stag their appearance had cost me. Flying Hawk sneered.

"It might have been the one that gored you, brave hunter," I said, stretching my arms to six feet to show the antler spread.

"You have no scar to prove your words," he retorted.

"One day I will hang his horns above my barn, then you will know my tongue is straight."

"The day his horns are above your barn I will give you my horse, my bow and arrows, and the scalps in my teepee." Flying Hawk was

offering his manhood if I could down the stag.

"I will slit his throat with my teeth, and not be gored like Flying Hawk."

His hand flew to his knife as he rose before me, his nostrils pulsated with anger. Gray Bear said a word and the Hawk relaxed. I had touched the wound that ran down Hawk's right side, it was still sore. He had killed a mighty deer, or so he thought, and when he approached the animal it revived and gored him. Flying Hawk had told of a magnificent stag, twice the size of my humble description, that had rendered the jagged scar. Another word from Gray Bear seated Flying Hawk.

Gray Bear was silent in his wisdom, looking from the cabin to his braves, to the shadow of the lance and then to me. His eyes told me if Christy failed he would do all he could to spare us. I smiled my thanks. Flying Hawk kept constant vigilance of the cabin. A white woman's scalp could almost take the place of his stag.

Christy asked me to make a table with some planks and barrels. I told her if I could get the braves to help me it would be alright. Only Gray Bear made a move to assist me. Flying Hawk motioned him back and picked up a board in his strong red hands. Other braves joined him and soon the planks were being placed. All the while Flying Hawk chided me about the mighty stag hunter doing squaws work.

The shadows of the lance and post had not far to go before they would blend into a solitary shaft.

"How are you doing?" I asked, when Christy was close to me.

"Not too good, the stove isn't hot enough."

"Make sure the damper is drawing."

LARKIN MORTUARY

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(Continued from page 15)

Soon more smoke emerged from the chimney. Will and Sarah's repeated trips from the cabin to the well, and then to the root cellar and back to the well became more frequent. I knew Christy was working some miracle if time would hold out. The baby cried and Christy's soothing voice began a song. A bowl crashed to the floor, the pieces were promptly swept up and tossed out the door.

"Cover the tables with these", she said, dropping white tablecloths onto the rough planks.

"Are you plumb loco, woman?" I asked, "You aren't going to use good linen for these heathens are you?"

She didn't answer, but was in and out of the house, this time with her silver chest.

"Now I know you're crazy. These cutthroats won't know one fork from the other."

"They're going to eat my way, I didn't invite them. It was their choice and this is the consequence. Besides," and she smiled, "it's been a good long while since I've decked a table with silver and china. Have them wash up."

This time I grabbed her arm, and Flying Hawk's attention. "I can't ask these warriors to wash up, it'll take their war paint off."

"That's why I want them to wash. No guests of mine are sitting at the table looking like Halloween trickers. I'll have Will fetch some soap, they can wash up at the trough."

Gray Bear gave a flat no to my request of washing. I panicked as the shadow of the lance fell close to the shadow of the post. I tried some of Christy's logic.

"You are in my teepee, Gray Bear, you must do things my way. We are friends."

The trough became a potporri of color as the braves scrubbed faces and hands. They liked the way the soap bubbled and how it cleaned off the paint, they didn't like it's sharp taste. They were as bright-faced as seventeen new copper pennies when Gray Bear pointed to the upraised spear. The shadows had met.

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The delightful aromas that had been faint hints from the cabin burst into bloom as Christy and kids fetched dinner. Christy personally seated each brave with a pat on bare shoulder and a smile. How beautiful she was, perspiration on her brow, hair falling down her back from a once neat roll, flour streaked across her face, biscuit dough beneath her fingernails; and a heart so full of courage she had thwarted, for the moment, any thought of uprising. The smile was soon wiped from my face when, from the other end of the table, Christy asked me to pray. She knew I could not argue.

I told Gray Bear we were calling on the Great Spirit. The braves sat quietly, and in the spring morning that had pushed past noon, I bowed my head and thanked God for the food prepared, for the bounty of the fields, for game in the mountains. I thanked Him for the red brothers at our table, and prayed for peace. In my heart I thanked Him most of all for my Christy.

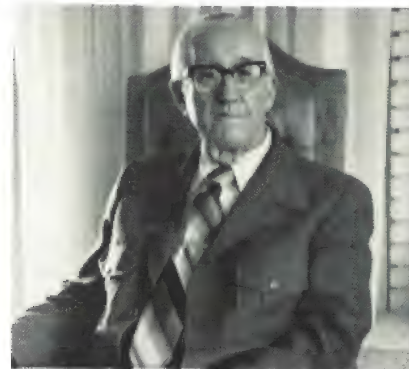
MEMORIAL PLAQUE NAME SPELLING CORRECTED.

On page fourteen of our last issue of the Pioneer, in a listing of the memorial plaque names, the name Christian Hans Monsen should have been Christian Hans Monson, our apologies.

Thomas Briggs Bountiful Pioneer

At their December meeting the South Davis Chapter eulogized the pioneer life of Thomas Briggs which was presented by Bruce Briggs, a second great grandson. Thomas Briggs emigrated to America in 1851. He made the six weeks ocean journey from England to America arriving at the Port of New Orleans, then up the Mississippi River to St. Louis. Thomas finally arrived in Deseret and settled in Bountiful in 1862.

Thomas Briggs operated a lumber mill, farmed and was generally interested in community affairs. He served on the board of trustees for the local school. His interest in



Harold L. Pope

education was so deep that he set up a night school in a room in his home so that persons engaged or employed in daytime activity might further their education.

Thomas Briggs was a recognized peacemaker and over the years, became successfully involved as arbiter in problems between persons in the community.

HAS YOUR RESIDENCE CHANGED?

Every effort is made at NSSUP headquarters to see that all members receive each copy of their subscription to the PIONEER Magazine. If your address is to be changed will you please notify headquarters to this effect as soon as you know your future address? Also, state your SUP chapter affiliation. Be sure to provide us with the name, complete address with zip code, of the present subscriber. Our sincere thanks to you for cooperation in this important matter - your PIONEER Subscription.

SUP Member Wins Horseshoe Championship

Clarence W. Giles, Riverton, Utah, had a very enjoyable and successful time playing horseshoes during the past summer. He played in eleven of the fourteen tournaments.

Sponsored by the Utah Horseshoe pitchers association, he won 1st place in nine and 2nd place in two. Following this he won eleven straight games to win the State class AA championship. In addition, he was awarded a 1st place gold medal by Governor Matheson for winning the Senior Olympic horseshoe pitching championship. Clarence is very interested in promoting horseshoe pitching and will take time out to answer questions, talk about records established, set up exhibitions or to conduct clinics for those who would like to know more about the sport.

Over sixty trophies (including 3 state championships) clutter the mantle and shelves around the fireplace. To him it's like a large book, each trophy has a story to

tell, a story full of friendships, good sportsmanship, memories that money could not buy.

If there is a time when Clarence feels better than when he wins a state championship it is perhaps when he has played in world championship tournaments against the best - Ted Allen, Fernando Isais, Curt Day, Don Titcom, Harold Reno - all world champions. Even though, he has never placed very high, it's been a wonderful experience just to have played these wonderful sports. Playing is only part of his activity in horseshoe pitching - he holds the following leadership positions — Regional director (Utah and Arizona) in the National Horseshoe pitchers association, horseshoe pitching specialist in the Riverton Stake L.D.S. Church, chairman horseshoe pitching committee Utah Senior Olympics — sponsored by the Governor's committee for the ageing.

If you are interested and want to know more about horseshoe pitching, contact Clarence Giles, 13480 So. 1700 West, Riverton, Utah 84065.



Clarence Giles 1979 Utah State Horseshoe Pitching Champion
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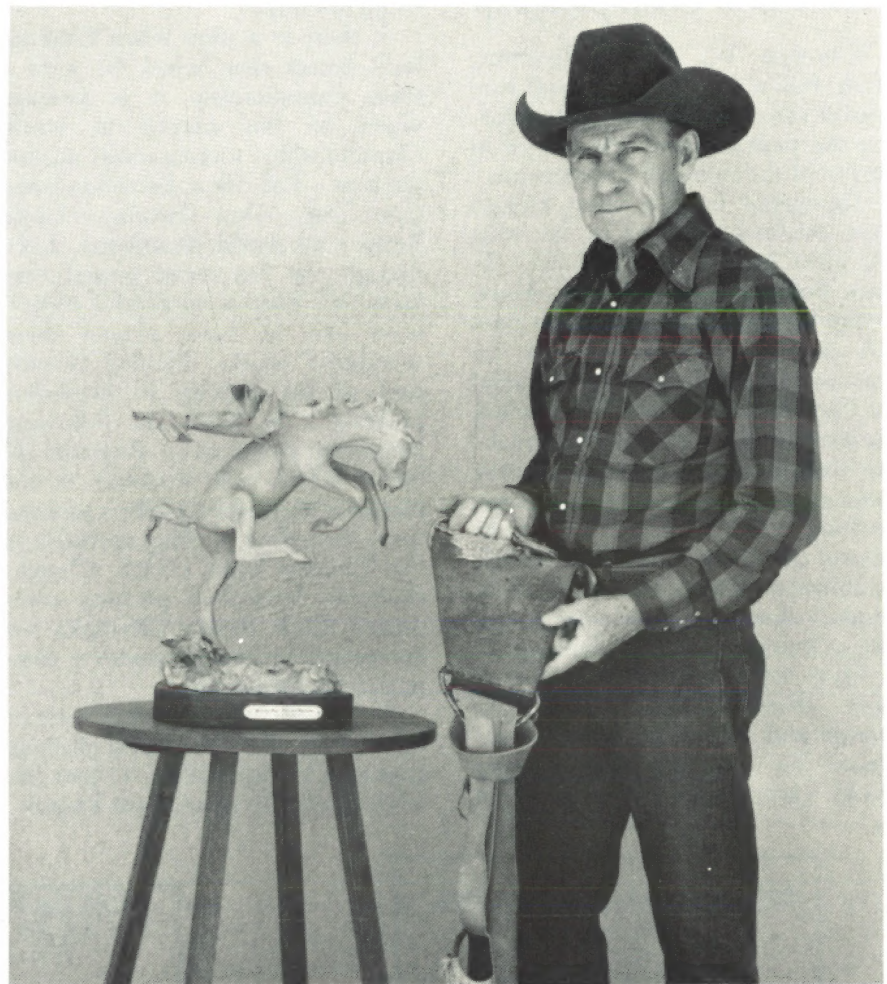
NEW HONORS FOR EARL W. BASCOM

The board of directors of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association, headquartered in Colorado Springs, Colorado has recently honored SUP life member Earl W. Bascom of Victorville, Calif. The former rodeo world champion was awarded an honorary membership for the part he played in changing rodeo from a range cowboy's pastime to a full-fledged professional sport.

In 1924 Bascom thought up, designed and made rodeo's first one-hand hold bareback rigging. The design is still being used today, some 55 years later, at all professional rodeos throughout the United States and Canada.

Born in Vernal, Earl Bascom rode his first bareback bronco in 1909 on his father's 101 Ranch near Naples. A bee stung the horse he was riding and bucked with him across the field. Earl was just three years old at the time. This experience led to his professional rodeo career, winning many championships.

Along with the recent honor from the PRCA, Earl Bascom has received honors from the Canadian Rodeo Cowboys Association of Calgary, Canada and the National Cowboy Hall of Fame of Oklahoma City.



Mount Ogden Chapter Has Capable Leaders

Our December chapter meeting was held at the Mansion House and enjoyed by all in attendance. Annual elections for the coming year were held and the following officers were elected: Raymond Knowles president; Dr. Floyd Seager, first vice-president; Jerry Brown, second vice-president; Leo Bankhead secretary; Grant Maw, treasurer and George Ford, historian.

Chapter members are looking forward to an outstanding and active year under the direction of these capable leaders. All members were urged to become involved and support those elected by bringing new members into the chapter.

An enjoyable holiday musical program was presented by the Ogden High School Chamber Choir. Their

delightful rendition of Christmas songs was well presented and added to the Christmas spirit that prevails this time of the year.

George A. Ford, Historian

SOUTH DAVIS NAMES OFFICERS

At their December meeting the South Davis Chapter named its officers for 1980 as follows: president elect Burns S. Hansen; first vice president James C. Burns; second vice president Glen A. Brown; two year director, William T. Gubler; two year director, Keith Ford; secretary, Legrand Soelberg; treasurer, Lawrence Briggs; historian, Newell Barlow. Past president Harold L.

Pope conducted the meeting which was held at the Servus Drug Company. Seventy-five members and friends were present when Haven R. Burningham presented the nominees and the roster was accepted by acclamation.

Welden Jensen and Roger Sears move from two to one year directors which completes the board of twelve members. Thomas Briggs, program chairman introduced his son Bruce who presented a pioneer biography - to be read elsewhere in this issue.

Other items on the program included a magic act by Scott Putnam of radio KSVN. Table decorations were by the students of the Taylorsville School where Mrs. Bruce Briggs is a teacher.

Submitted by E. Douglas Barnes
historian

ASAHEL F. ELDREDGE

Asahel Frederick Eldredge, 74, of 3675 West 4400 South died November 19, 1979.

He was born February 10, 1905, in Granger, Utah to Frederick Elnathan and Julia Druce Lambert Eldredge.

He married Catherine Beckstead, November 21, 1935 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple.

He was a brick mason for Kennecott Copper.

He served an LDS Mission to the Western States, 1928-1930. He was a High Councilman in two Stakes. He served in the Granger 2nd Ward Bishopric. He was the High Priest Group Leader. He was currently serving in the Sunday School Presidency, Jordan North 6th Ward. He was a Salt Lake Temple worker, and a guide on Welfare Square.

He retired from Kennecott Copper after 35 years.

Survivors: Wife, six daughters, Mrs. Charles (Kaye) Graham, Fargo, North Dakota; Mrs. Ray (Jeanine) VanLeuven, Taylorsville; Mrs. Jay Dale (Linda Bea) Christensen, Mrs. Lonnie (Sue) Carlile, both Granger; Mrs. Owen (Sherla) Michaelis, West Jordan; Mrs. James (Julie Ann) Phillips, Evanston, Wyoming; 25 grandchildren; brothers and sisters; Wayne, Las Vegas, Nevada; Victor, Granger; Mrs. Orin (Almira) Baird, Provo; Mrs. Merrill (Lurena) Warnick, Mrs. Warnick (Ruth) Swenson, both Pleasant Grove; Lea, Wilma and Mrs. Denton (Martha) Moulton, all Granger.



Chapter Eternal

SEYMOUR PRATT FISH

Seymour Pratt Fish, Chaplain in the Brigham Young Chapter Sons of Utah Pioneers, died 21 June 1979 in the Utah Valley Hospital, Provo, Utah.

He was born October 18, 1898 at Woodruff, Arizona, a son of Joseph C. and Katie Reidhead Fish. He married Vera B. Fish on October 4, 1929 in the St. George LDS Temple, and she survives him.

Mr. Fish attended schools in Woodruff and completed high school at the Snowflake Stake Academy. He attended Brigham Young University for a time and received his B.S. degree in history at the University of Utah. He completed his M.S. degree in school administration at the University of Southern California. Post graduate work was done at Columbia University and at Sacramento State University. He was a veteran of World War I.

Mr. Fish spent 46 years in the field of education, part of the time teaching and the last 38 years of his life as a school administrator in Arizona, Nevada, Utah and California. He retired in 1960 and moved to Provo from Sacramento, Calif. in 1971.

He was active in the LDS church and served as a bishop, a counselor in three different bishoprics and in three different stake high councils. He was a Temple worker in the Provo Temple for seven and a half years and was a member of the High Priest group in the Pleasant View Fifth Ward.

Surviving are his widow, Provo; one son, Gerald S. Fish, Springfield, Va., and a daughter, Mrs. John M. (Kathleen F.) Dalton, Sunnyvale, Calif. Another son, Paul A. Fish, died on January 25 of this year. Also surviving are eight grandchildren, and two brothers, Charles F. Fish and Harold R. Fish, both of Mesa, Arizona.

Services were held in the Pleasant View Fifth LDS Ward chapel, and burial was in the Wasatch Lawn Cemetery in Salt Lake City.

DR. DACOSTA CLARK

Dr. DaCosta Clark, 73, retired oral surgeon and civic leader, and member of the Brigham Young Chapter Sons of Utah Pioneers, died at his home in Provo December 8, 1979. He was born December 20, 1906 to Dr. James Cecil and Laura Clark Clark in Panguitch, Utah. He married Erma Merrill September 15, 1930; she died October 12, 1938. He married Hazel Cook September 17, 1939.

Dr. Clark attended Brigham Young University and graduated from North Pacific College of Oregon in 1934. He received a masters degree in oral surgery from Northwestern University in 1942.

Prior to his retirement, Dr. Clark had been chief oral surgeon at Utah Valley Hospital, and was formerly president of the regional and state dental societies.

EARL GORDON

William Earl Gordon, 80, of 144 East Center, Smithfield, died November 26 of natural causes.

He was born April 29, 1899, in Clover Creek, Utah, to Foster John and Isabelle Merriam Meikle Gordon.

He married Pearl M. Peterson Feb. 26, 1920, in the Salt Lake City. The marriage was solemnized in the Logan LDS Temple March 30, 1921.

Mr. Gordon was educated in Smithfield and had attended Utah State University. He was an active member of the LDS Church, and he was a High Priest in Smithfield 3rd Ward at the time of his death.

He served a mission in the Texas-Louisiana area in 1953-1954 and was Smithfield Stake mission president.

He was a charter member of the Smithfield Lions Club, having held every office in the organization; was a member of the National Federation of the Blind, the Mormon Battalion, and had been national vice president of the SUP. He was a member of the Temple Fork SUP Chapter, and of the Smithfield Volunteer Fire Department.

He had been employed by Crystal Furniture and R & S Floor Covering.

Surviving are his wife of Smithfield; three daughters, Mrs. Ray (LaRee) McMurdie, Logan; Mrs. DeVere (Janet) Adams, Fielding, and Mrs. Will (Erlene) Hedrick, Perry; 13 grandchildren; 12 great-grandchildren; two sisters, Dr. Edith Rosengreen, Seattle, Wash., and Dr. Coral Gordon, Baltimore, Md.; four brothers, Willard Gordon, Eureka, Calif.; Sam H. Gordon, Brigham City; Kenneth F. Gordon, Woodland, Calif., and Ross H. Gordon, Ogden.

Dr. Clark was a life member of Omicron Kappa Upsilon, a fellow in the International College of Dentists and a diplomat of the American Board of Oral Surgery.

He received the Distinguished Service Award and the Ernest L. Wilkinson Award for his service in Brigham Young University. He was president of the BYU Alumni Association in 1960 and chairman of the school's fund-raising committee for 20 years.

Dr. Clark was a past president of Utah National Parks Council Boy Scouts, past president of Provo Lions Club and chairman of the Provo Fourth of July celebration. He was a member of the Rotary Club, Cougar Club and past director of Utah Division of the American Cancer Society.

Dr. Clark was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and served in the Provo Fifth Ward Bishopric and as a member of the High Council in the BYU Fifth Stake.



JOHN AARON THUESON

John Aaron Thueson, 68, died November 20, 1979, at home of congestive heart failure.

He was born July 25, 1911, Monroe, Utah, to Constant and Birdie Ann Hesse Thueson.

He married Merle Miller, November 11, 1938, Salt Lake LDS Temple.

He was an active member of the LDS Church, Murray 3rd and 25th Wards. He served an LDS Mission to the East Central States from 1935 to 1937. He was a member of the Murray Lion's Club and the Sons of Utah Pioneers.

He is survived by his wife, Murray, daughter and sons, Mrs. Michael (Ann) Noonchester, Alexandria, Virginia; Dr. John, Blackfoot, Idaho; Brent, LaCrosse, Wisconsin; Craig, Murray; Con, Las Vegas, Nevada; Mark, Bainbridge Island, Washington; 12 grandchildren; sisters and brothers, Mrs. Max (Helen) Knight, Bennion; Mrs. William (Nole) Brodeen, Escondido, California; Orel, Twin Falls, Idaho; Jay, Salt Lake City; Dean, Palm Desert, California.

INFORMATION PERTAINING TO THE HALF WAY HOUSE

*Russell Stocking, Temple Quarry Chapter
(See July-August Issue 1979, page 14)*

The Temple Quarry Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers became interested in the Half Way House as a special restoration project and on March 14, 1977 Russell Stocking and Jack Eldredge made contact with Mr. and Mrs. Vince Palmansino, then living at 10330 South State Street, regarding the possibility of placing a marker of some sort on the building. While there we found out that it represented a part of the past that needed preserving. At that time it was the only piece of property not sold to ZCMI for proposed commercial development in the area in the future. They indicated they would like to see that it was passed on to the proper people.

Contact was made with Dr. Everett L. Cooley former director of the Utah State Historical Society. He suggested the proper procedures to use to properly identify the building.

It has been supposed that it may have been a stop over on the Pony Express Mail Route, but research and maps of the route used did not show it as a designated official station, it is very possible that some of the riders may have used it as an emergency stop as it was half way between travelers rest at 6400 South State and Porter Rockwell's stage coach, travelers and freighter stop over and official pony express station at the point of the mountain.

From material graciously forwarded to us from the Andrus family organization we were able to establish that the house was built in the late 1850's and early 1860's by Lucy Loomis Tuttle Andrus.

On April 13, 1977 representatives of the Utah State Division of Parks and Recreation, Vincent P. Foley and John Bourne met Russell Stocking at the Half Way House and made an examination of both the interior and exterior of the building and also took several pictures. They indicated that it had many merits for preservation, but that we would have to furnish proof that it was built before 1869, and if possible would use it in the restoration pro-

gram at the Pioneer Trails Park at the mouth of Emigration Canyon.

Moving of the building would be contingent also on available money appropriated by the Utah State Legislature. The following year additional money became available from surplus funds to the Division of Parks and Recreation some of which to be used at the Pioneer Trails State Park. This opened the way for acceptance of the building.

After checking and verifying the material furnished by the Andrus family and others we were ready to present it to the State Parks people.

Further contact was made on November 8, 1977 with Mr. Foley of the State Parks to find out if they were still interested in the building and would move it to the Pioneer Trails State Park, he said they were.

Contact was made at various times with Mr. Palmansino. He stated there had been some people interested in the property but not the building, as he and ZCMI had not been able to come to terms.

A letter dated May 14, 1978 was sent to Mr. Jerry Morgan of Morgan Realty, the agents for ZCMI, stating the purpose and intent in the preservation of the Half Way House, also enclosed was a copy of a letter sent to Mr. Dean Williams of ZCMI dated May 16, 1977.

On May 24, 1978 Mr. Palmansino called and said he had sold the property to Zions Bank and to make contact with Mr. Jerry Morgan.

On July 17, 1978 Russell Stocking met with Mr. Gordon Dick of Security Title, who graciously furnished evidence of deeds and property transfers. Also a copy of a patent deed issued to Milo Andrus dated September 10, 1875. Contact was again made with Mr. Vincent Foley. He said to prepare a letter giving all the available information with verified dates of occupancy of the Half Way House. Also he will need a letter from ZCMI giving a release of the building.

After compiling and coordinating

all the available material, contact was made with Mr. Milo Carlston, Vice President of Operations for ZCMI, on September 19, 1978 and presented to him also our further interest in the building along with evidence of our research. He said he would present it at their next board meeting and indicated there should not be any problem.

The latter part of September a copy of a letter from Mr. Carlston's office to Mr. Foley of the State Parks Division was received, which stated their willingness to donate the building to the State Park and that it would be their responsibility to have it moved, properly restored and refurnished.

A letter dated October 2, 1978 was sent to Mr. Foley again giving a full back ground of the efforts of the Temple Quarry Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers and the various information sources and purposes of this information to establish proof of dates etc. concerning the Half Way House.

On November 15, 1978 contact was made with Mr. Michael E. Christensen, Historian at Pioneer Trails State Park, stating the status of the building and the cooperation of ZCMI with the project. He stated the Parks department definitely wanted the building.

A letter dated November 15, 1978 was received from Mr. Christensen along with a copy of a letter dated November 9, 1978 to Mr. Milo Carlston of ZCMI stating their acceptance of the building and conditions of transfer.

Through the efforts of other concerned people we were able to obtain a picture of the Half Way House from Mrs. Ted "Mamie" Parduhn, a member of the Winn Family who occupied the Half Way House from 1893 to 1939. This picture was reproduced and enlarged and a copy was delivered to the Pioneer Trails Park office.

NOTE - A special thanks is given to all the people who owned or lived in the Half Way House in seeing that it was not destroyed or changed materially from the original construction.